

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

To C.E.R.A.

Walter Olding—
Greetings from home



A BUNDLE of mischief greeted us as we opened the front gate of 7, Laburnum Avenue, Drayton, Portsmouth; in fact we were nearly knocked over by a dog on wheels that was pushed by a three-years-old boy—Brian Olding, son and heir of C.E.R.A. Wally Olding. Mrs. Olding came out to greet us, and in her arms she carried the latest addition to the family, Baby Michael. Things couldn't be better at home, Wally; your wife is fit and the two kiddies are happy and well.

Young Brian is getting mischievous now and has put the front door bell out of action. By the time you get home, everything mechanical in the house will need your attention. After relating his antics, your wife remarked, "He's a chip off the old block. Guess you will have your own interpretation of that remark!"

Brian is going to school for a couple of hours each day. Recently he pinched a girl and was smacked for it, but thought it was a great joke.

Of course, you haven't seen Michael, have you? He's a cute little chap, isn't he, sitting on Brian's toy dog?

Send us your home address so that our photographer may visit your family and get pictures like these.

Our address is on back page.

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SONJA HENIE— SHE GOT THERE WITH SKATES ON

Call Boy
brings you
another
Film Star

At the age of eight Sonja Henie got her first pair of skates. The following year, at nine, she won the junior competition of the Oslo Skating Club, and won it again the next year. At eleven she won the Norwegian National Championship. Her father, Wilhelm Henie, who had once been a bicycle champion, undertook to further his daughter's athletic career.

When she was eleven, Sonja saw her first Olympic Games, and decided that that was her goal.

"I am going to win ten world championships and three Olympic championships," Sonja then said to her father and mother.

When she retired undefeated from amateur competition in 1936, Sonja had exactly three Olympics and ten world championships to her credit. In 1927 she won the first of the world competitions and held it every year since then.

When Sonja started making films in 1936, Hollywood said she was a flash in the pan. She was good for one, or maybe two films, and then people would get tired of skating on the screen.

BIG MONEYS.

Sonja has made eight pictures for 20th-Century Fox. Her first five-year contract has run out and a new term deal was signed late in 1941. All of her pictures have made big money. Her personal ice-skating tours of the country every winter have become increasingly popular from year to year.

The reason for all of this success is not that Sonja is a glamorous blonde who can skate better than anyone else in the world. It is mainly because she has a shrewd ability to regard herself as a saleable commodity and happens to know a lot of the tricks of salesmanship.

Sonja was so busy with these activities that her education had to be taken care of by private tutors, who followed her round the world. Besides this, she was interested in the ballet, which she started studying even before she skated.

When she was 18 she went to London to study under Madame Karsavina. It was this interest in dancing which gave Sonja

the idea of putting ballet on skates, the basis of all her present ice routines.

It was Sonja who originated this idea, which other ice shows are now following.

IDEAS GIRL.

She picks up her ideas wherever she goes. A couple of years ago she visited Hawaii. There she studied the hula, and in her last tour her Hawaiian number was her biggest hit.

Sonja has made a lot of money since she started earning it six years ago. But she has also spent a great deal, not only on herself, but also on her friends and acquaintances. Her generosity is one of her outstanding traits.

She loves to give presents, and her philosophy behind it is expressed in a remark she once made: "There's no sense in giving a person something he can afford to buy for himself."

Swimming and dancing are her greatest forms of relaxation. She loves to play tennis, but for the past three years has never found time for it. She always rents a house in Hollywood that has a swimming pool and tennis court, and then finds she can't make use of it.

There is never an idle moment in Sonja's day. She is busy at something from the moment she gets up until she goes to bed.

She is interested in her fan



mail, which is among the heaviest received by any Hollywood star. When she finds time she goes over it and dictates answers to some of them to a studio stenographer. That is the only occasion on which she uses secretarial help. Asked how she manages to keep happy and healthy under all of the effort she expends, Sonja said:

NEVER TIRED.

"I always try to be the best in the field in which I am working. As long as there is something to work toward, I never get tired."

Sonja Henie's films include "One in a Million," "Thin Ice," "Happy Landing," "My Lucky Star," "Second Fiddle," "Everything Happens at Night," "Sun Valley Serenade" and "Katina."

Is there a law of chance?

asks ANDREW SLADE

HOW much can you count on your run of luck in a game? Are some people always lucky at cards?

Have you ever been puzzled by an astonishing run of double-sixes in dice?

Ever wondered, perhaps, whether there can be a law of chance—or whether it's "all in the game"?

In the little town of Umtata, in Cape Province, the other day, four bridge-players were dealt the perfect deal, each player finding a complete suit in his hand. The odds against this happening with shuffled cards have been estimated at 635,013,559,600 to one.

It is so easy to forget that an equally rare and remarkable event of chance happens every time you pick up any hand. The odds that it contains the very cards it does are just the same as for a perfect bridge hand.

THE DOUBLE-SIX.

On every toss of a coin there is always the same chance for heads as for tails.

Throwing for a six-spot with a dice, the chances are 5-1, because the dice has five other sides.

Attempting the double-six with two dice, the chances are 35 to 1 against the double-six.

Yet the chances are 1,679,615 to 1 against you throwing the double-six four consecutive

times. You may do it, but you're taking part in a world-wide experiment of chance.

If ten million people were throwing two dice four times in succession, four straight double-sixes could be expected. If no one had a series of freakish results, it would, in fact, be a gross violation of the trends of probability known as the law of chance.

In roulette, the chances of, say, 5 turning up in 36 spins of the wheel are 35-1. You wouldn't, however, be able to count on 5 turning up once in every 36 spins.

Professor Karl Pearson, a famous British mathematician, once made a study of roulette.

The chances of black and red are the same as for heads and tails in a coin. They should be exactly equal. But in 16,141 throws he found the percentages ran to 50.15 red and 49.85 black.

When he came to study the deviation from this of other runs, however, he was in for a shock.

It turned out that, mathematically, he was studying runs of improbable luck which could only occur once in 167,000 years of continuous roulette playing!

The run to infinity is the probability in chance that we



all forget! If you've been betting on heads and tails, and heads turned up consecutively a dozen times, you would probably feel that heads had done its share and that a run of tails was due to restore the balance. And you would be in error.

JUST A TOSS-UP.

As the French mathematician, Bertrand, remarked, "A coin has neither memory nor consciousness." If the coin is tossed 1,000 times, one may expect results to be approximately equal.

But coins tossed 100 times have given results as wide as 80-20. A thousand throws have frequently shown heads to appear 30 or 40 times more than tails.

It is unlikely, but not impossible, for heads to appear 200 times more than tails—or vice-versa—in 10,000 tosses.

The difference, amounting to one-fiftieth of the number of throws, appears very large. Yet if you continue to one million tosses, the same difference would represent only one five-thousandth of the number of tosses. The more you continue, the smaller the proportion becomes.

Hence, in the long run it isn't true that there ought to be as many heads as tails—but it's likely!

The records of Monte Carlo roulette, one of the few games of chance for which constant records are kept, show the remarkable things that can happen.

Six times in succession is the longest run recorded for a particular number turning up at 35-1 odds.

In ten years before the war the numbers 22 and 32 had each turned up five times in succession, and were being followed by many gamblers who fancied their "system."

RUN OF RED.

At 2-1 odds, red has had a sequence of 23, and this extraordinary run was immediately followed by a run of 21 times for "manque," another chance at 2-1 odds.

As Professor Pearson summed it up: "The succession of reds and blacks sets the law of chance at defiance in the most persistent and remarkable manner. Short runs are deficient, and the colour changes much more frequently than the rules of probability prescribe."

The same thing happens in every game of pure chance. But maybe all this has given you a headache!

Continuing "THE MIRROR OF THE MAGISTRATE" By G. K. CHESTERTON

From "The Secret of Father Brown"
By Permission of
Mrs. G. K. Chesterton

QUIZ for today

THERE was, indeed, another shadowy figure beginning to be visible through the fire-shot gloaming, a squat, square-headed figure, wearing a red waistcoat. As he drew nearer, he revealed a heavy, yellow face, with a touch of something Asiatic, which was consonant with his flat, blue-black hair.

Bagshaw turned abruptly to the man called Flood. "Is there anybody in this place?" he said, "who can testify to your identity?"

"Not many, even in this country," growled Flood. "I've only just come from Ireland; the only man I know round here is Father Brown."

"Neither of you must leave this place," said Bagshaw, and then added to the servant: "But you can go into the house and phone Father Brown to come round here. No tricks, mind."

While the detective was securing the potential fugitives, his companion had hastened on to the scene of the crime. It was a strange enough scene, and, indeed, if the tragedy had not been tragic, it would have been highly fantastic.

The dead man (for the briefest examination proved him to be dead) lay with his head in the pond, where the glow of the artificial illumination encircled the head with something of the appearance of an unholy halo. The face was gaunt and rather sinister, the brow bald, and the scanty curls dark grey, and, despite the damage done by the bullet wound in the temple, Underhill had no difficulty in recognising the features he had seen in the many portraits of Sir Humphrey Gwynne.

The dead man was in even-

ing dress, and his long, black legs, so thin as to be almost spidery, were sprawling at different angles up the steep bank from which he had fallen.

When Underhill looked up he saw a group of four figures standing above him at the bank.

He was prepared for Bagshaw and his Irish captive, and he had no difficulty in guessing the status of the servant in the red waistcoat.

But the fourth figure had a sort of grotesque solemnity that seemed strangely incongruous. It was a stumpy figure with a round face and a hat like a black halo. He realised that it was, in fact, a priest; but there was something about it that reminded him of some quaint old black woodcut at the end of a Dance of Death.

Then he heard Bagshaw saying to the priest:—

"I'm glad you can identify this man; but you must realise that he's under suspicion. Of course, he may be innocent; but he did enter the garden in an irregular fashion."

"Well, I think he's innocent myself," said the little priest in a colourless voice.

There was a Death Grapple

"Why?"

"Because he entered the garden in an irregular fashion," answered the cleric. "You see, I entered it in a regular fashion myself. But I seem to be almost the only person who did. All the best people seem to get over garden walls nowadays."

"What do you mean by a regular fashion?" asked the detective.

"Well," said Father Brown, looking at him with limpid gravity, "I came in by the front door. I often come into houses that way."

"Excuse me," said Bagshaw, "but does it matter very much how you came in?"

"Yes," said the priest mildly. "I saw a sort of general smash-up in the hall. A big looking-glass broken and a small palm tree knocked over. Somehow, it looked to me as if something had happened."

"You are right," said Bagshaw after a pause. "If you saw that, it certainly looks as if it had something to do with it."

"And if it has anything to do with it," said the priest very gently, "it looks as if there was one person who had nothing to do with it. And that is Mr. Michael Flood, who entered the garden over the wall in an irregular fashion, and then tried to leave it in the same irregular fashion. It is his irregularity that makes me believe in his innocence."

"Let us go into the house," said Bagshaw abruptly.

As they passed in the side door, Bagshaw fell back a pace and spoke to Father Brown.

"Something odd about that servant," he said. "Says his name is Green, though he doesn't look it; but there seems no doubt he's really Gwynne's servant, apparently the only regular servant he had. But the queer thing is that he flatly denied that his master was in the garden at all, dead or alive. Said the old judge had gone out to a grand legal dinner and couldn't be home for hours, and gave that as his excuse for slipping out. I can't make him out. He seems to be scared of something."

Entering by the side door, they found themselves at the

inner end of the entrance hall which ran along the side of the house and ended with the front door. A faint light was visible from a single shaded lamp that stood on a bracket in a corner.

Bagshaw could distinguish the debris of which Brown had spoken. They lay littered on the carpet, along with pale and gleaming fragments of a broken mirror, of which the almost empty frame hung behind them on the wall at the end of the vestibule. At right-angles to this entrance, and directly opposite the side door as they entered, was another and similar passage leading into the rest of the house.

Bagshaw stood looking down at the fallen pot and the mingled fragments at his feet. "You're quite right," he said to the priest, "there's been a struggle here. And it must have been a struggle between Gwynne and his murderer."

"It seemed to me," said Father Brown modestly, "that something had happened here."

"It's pretty clear," said the detective. "The murderer entered by the front door and found Gwynne; probably Gwynne let him in. There was a death grapple, possibly a chance shot that hit the glass, Gwynne managed to free himself and fled into the garden, where he was pursued and shot finally by the pond."

After examining the other rooms, they returned to the hall, making their way to the front door.

"That's rather odd," said Bagshaw sharply. "I thought the front door would be shut, but it's left on the latch."

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in SALVADOR, not in CHILE.
My next is in CARTHORSE, not in FILLY.
My third is in MIDDLE, not in WATCH.
My fourth is in ENGLISH, not in SCOTCH.
My fifth's not in ISLAND, but in TREASURE.
My sixth is in DUTY, not in PLEASURE.
My last is in ACTION, not in LEISURE.

(Answer on Page 3)

JANE



TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Looks as though someone has plucked the bird in anticipation. Maybe they thought it was a Young Turkey, Chicken, Duckling, Hornbill, or even a Baby Ostrich. Guess which, then perhaps you'll feel less hungry. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 157: A Kindle.

WANGLING WORDS

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after PTU, to make a word.

2. Rearrange the letters of LIP OR LOVE, to make an English port.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BLUE into MOON, DIME into CENT, WARM into COLD, WOLF into DOOR.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from COSMOPOLITAN?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 113

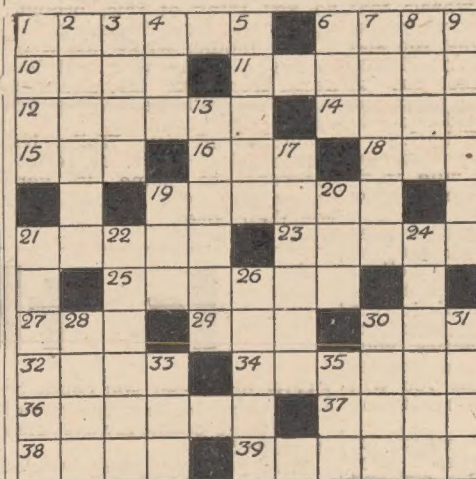
1. Too wise you are, too wise you be; I see you are too wise for me.

2. WASHINGTON.
3. WEST, LEST, LIST, LINT, LINE, WINE, WIND, RANK, BANK, BANE, BALE, BILE, FILE.

4. DUCK, DOCK, COCK, CORK, CORE, CURE, CUTE, CUTS, PUTS, PETS, PEAS.
GOOD, GOAD, GOAT, BOAT, MOAT, MEAT, NEAT, NEWT, NEWS.

5. Tear, Rate, Rail, Lair, Liar, Tale, Tail, Real, Late, Rite, Rile, Tile, Lure, Rule, Lute, Tire, Tier, Lier, Tart, etc.
Later, Tiler, Ruler, Trail, Trial, Utter, Trite, Trier, Litre, Trait, Irate, Eater, Treat, Rural, etc.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Ties tightly.
- 6 Jest.
- 10 Do nothing.
- 11 Long winded.
- 12 Indicate.
- 14 Gold covered.
- 15 Worthy.
- 16 Young person.
- 18 Go on.
- 19 Die.
- 21 Preclude.
- 23 Generally agreed.
- 25 Source.
- 27 Perform.
- 29 Fish.
- 30 Fetch.
- 32 Winged insect.
- 34 Withdraw.
- 36 Assuages.
- 37 Egg.
- 38 Hot dish.
- 39 Symbol.

LOFT DAMAGE
HIATUS NIX
BILL CHANGE
LOCKET MUG
E HAY GULLS
AM TEXAS EH
RABID PER E
REV REMOVE
CINEMA EDIT
AND OPENED
DESPOT TOES

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 WIngly.
- 2 Counsel.
- 3 Long cut.
- 4 Bird.
- 5 Weapon.
- 6 Nudge.
- 7 Kindled.
- 8 Nap.
- 9 Stretch.
- 13 Parson.
- 17 Separate.
- 19 Equal footing.
- 20 Offspring.
- 21 Plays.
- 22 Phial.
- 24 Come out.
- 26 Prickly shrub.
- 28 Young cricketer.
- 30 Sweetheart.
- 31 Swarm.
- 33 Red berry.
- 35 Open wooden vessel.

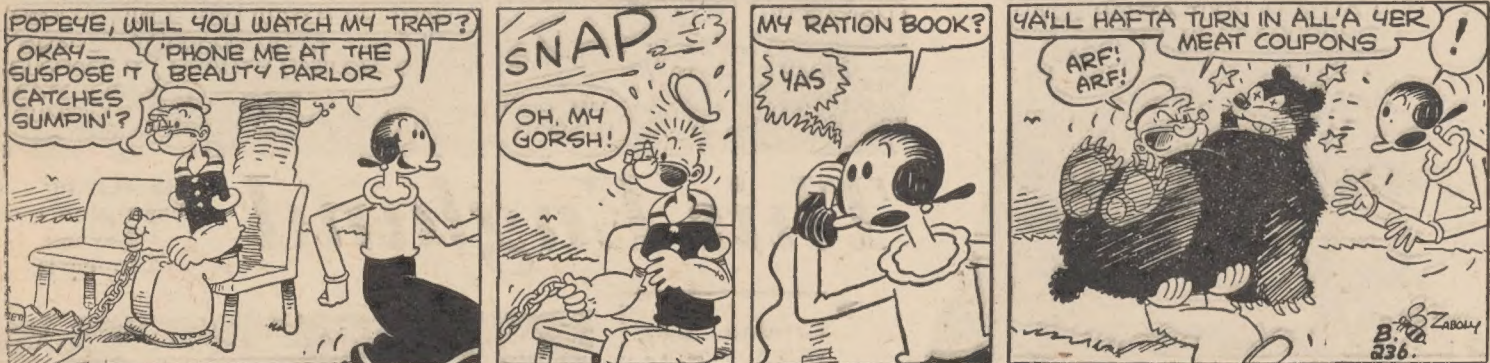
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Argue this out for yourselves

WATER-WAGON.

IF arrangements were made for the public to help themselves to a drink of water in catering establishments, railway trains, waiting-rooms, etc., there would be a great saving of tea, coffee and all the products which go to make up soft drinks. It would mean economy in public spending and benefit to the health of the public.

Lieut.-Col. J. M. Mackenzie.

IT NEEDED A WAR.

IT has needed a catastrophic war to make the Government and people realise that physical perfection, positive health, and education in its widest meaning, are better worth pursuing than the false gods of objective distraction needing no conscious effort. They need to go one stage further and recognise that what they rightly want is not to be had on the cheap.

Norman Bennett (Harley Street, W.1).

DEMOCRACY.

BRITISH democracy is in a state of transition: the old values are dead, the new scarcely born. The old values consist of narrow anachronistic traditions that no longer appeal to youth—i.e., traditions of family or party or class. Or they are relics of nineteenth-century individualism and *laissez-faire*. People still live for their private ambitions and gratifications, chiefly of a most material kind. . . . Consequently, democracy, as we know it to-day, cannot give us the basis of a living faith.

Richard Rumbold (Ex-Sergt.-Pilot).

STATE DOCTORS (1).

A STATE-SALARIED family doctor, not necessarily selected by his patient, and having no temptation to do more work than he is obliged, will be a yes-man, as most civil servants are, in fact. It is futile to pretend that financial motives have no influence in inducing most men of special ability and technical knowledge to devote themselves to work such as that of general practice, which is four-fifths drudgery.

Dr. Harry Roberts.

STATE DOCTORS (2).

THE health of the people is a communal responsibility which can only be effectively discharged by a communal service; it must be a unified comprehension, which will include preventive medicine, the environmental services, remedial and after-care, as well as training and rehabilitation. Can such a service be other than a public service?

Fred Messer, M.P.

DRINK, SMOKING, SEX.

OF course, there's no reason why a man should drink or smoke or express his feelings sometimes in colourful language or joke about sex or any other subject, if he doesn't want to. He can be excused if, e.g., as Conrad Noel once put it as regards drink, "he is unfortunate enough not to like alcohol." But do let us smash the idea that to abstain from such things has anything to do with religion—or, anyhow, with the Christian religion.

R. Woodfield (in the "New Statesman").

FARMING IN EUROPE.

THE generality of Englishmen have but little sense of being part of the European community, and little idea of its character; the popular idea is of a densely populated industrial north-west holding the bulk of the population, and a fertile agricultural east less densely peopled. . . . While only two people in a hundred of the English people are in the farm industry, only about forty-five in a hundred of the whole European population are not.

Anthony West.

SNEAKS.

THE Dictators and the Secret Police breed in countries where schoolboys lack the No Sneaking Rule.

C. S. Lewis.

BURNING FOR EDUCATION.

SUCH suggestions as have been made by various people for the development of Adult Education are usually based on the supposition that the community consists of people burning with zeal to educate themselves. On the contrary, the majority need to be coaxed, even wiled, into education.

Norman Nicholson.

"DECOROUS" HISTORIANS.

IF writers of modern history would convey to the public the truth about our own times, they must occasionally throw respectability to the winds. In schoolboy language, they must not be afraid to make a stink, and in particular they must risk offending the type of reader who does not like to think this, that or the other, and in fact, finds all honest thought rather painful. The bane of contemporary chroniclers is their exceeding decorum.

Willoughby Dewar.

Solution to Allied Ports:
VALETTA.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

TO BE OR
NOT TO BE?
THAT IS THE
QUESTION



Can't blame him, can you?
Not with towels SO scarce.



★ Laraine Day, Metro - Goldwyn star, steps into space — and fame.
★



This England

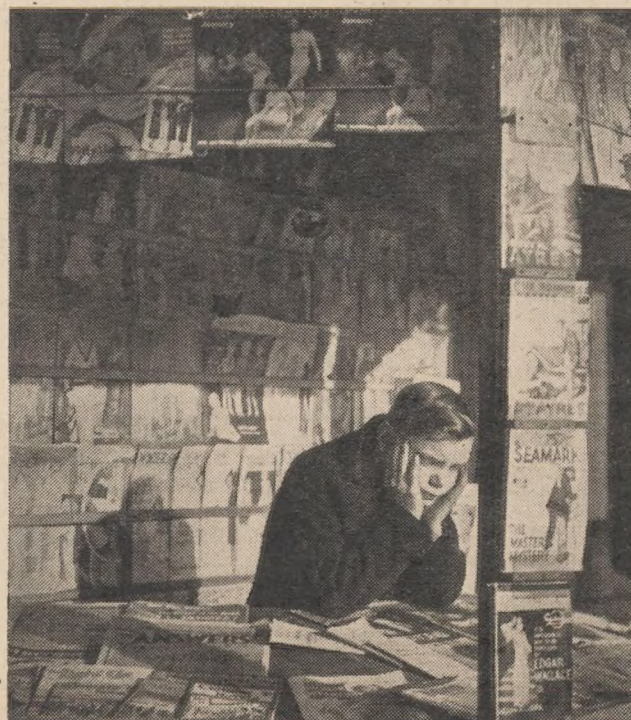
Harvesting at Frampton - on-Severn, Gloucester.



"What a very considerate milkman." Won't the Milk Marketing Board have to work overtime, finding this leakage?



"Look, he's trying to steal my cocoa." "Why should I worry? If I make her tip the cup a little bit more, I'll get the lot."



"If I only had something to — well read!"

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Here's hoping my roof leaks."

